

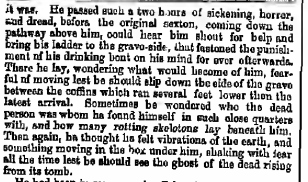


I was glad to have an opportunity

He spoke of the power of love as

A GRAVEYARD LODGING.

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[illegible]

Still, he was alive—only just alive. His face, his fingers, his lips, his whole body, frightfully burnt. His cry would not have escaped, but as the flash came in an instant Jim, knowing well what to do, placed the palms of his hands upon his eye-balls, and kept them there, as eye of the agony he underwent while the flames played around him, burning his whole body.

One Saturday afternoon, Jim and Betty took a small market town in Wales, where they sold their wares and then drank the profits in the public-house. The morning Jim was lounging along the side of a stream was a fine day, with a breeze from the west, and the water was a mass of daffodils and catfish. And as they came some distance down was a low bare house, where Jim pointed on spending a congenial hour as some of his people. When he heard some singing, and, seeing a crowd of people turned towards them. In the middle of the crowd were two young women, one of whom, a more girl, with a thin pale face, was preaching. Her dress was plain, her features were "ordinary," but her manner was earnest, and her voice, as she was speaking for nearly half an hour, was strong with something that found its way to Jim's heart.

perceived in the open-air came over him at every word when the two young women prayed he wanted to kiss their knees and cry aloud to God. His drinking life, his rages, his old wicked past, rose up before him like a great black curtain of wickedness, in which there was no glimmer of light, no opening by which he might escape.

What should he do? His attention to the women's voices at the meeting closed, and then he went home to Betty

resolved to go again at night. Great was Bat's astonishment when she learnt that he had gone without his beer that morning, and, although nothing else would have induced her to enter a church or meeting place, she resolved to go that night and look at him.

Then he heard the girl-preacher telling of the Son of God who was nailed to a tree; whose feet and hands and side were pierced, and who died in agony such as tongue could not conceive, under the black cloud of his Father's wrath, so that he might save to the uttermost every heart and drunkard and blasphemer who should come to God by him; so that he might put their sins behind His back and wash them clean and white, and set them before his Father as redeemed through His blood. His heart listened eagerly, and when an invitation was given to every sinner present to come and kneel down in front of the congregation and cry the words "Lord, have mercy on them and on me," the poor girl started and said "I have mercy on them and on me," and then she turned and said "I have mercy on them and on me." He rose up from his seat, and rushed out crying out, "I have mercy on every sinner will have to do either him or me."

There were two parties to that question, but three or four days afterwards Betty also, feeling her load of sin too heavy to bear, had to run away to the same Jesus to get her heart washed and made clean in the blood that was shed for her. There was quite a stir some days later, when Jim and Betty were married, and afterwards went into the open air to tell the people what God had done for the "two drunken hewers who had come into their town a few days before, the worst of the worst."

Since that time they have prospered and got quite a storehouse of goods.

Jim, who was called the "Resurrection Man" by his
 old mates after his adventures in the graveyard, says he has
 risen from the grave in earnest now, and has a right to
 the name if never before. Do you want to know the
 grave site? The light of the sun shone on one of Jim and
 Bet's favorite cherubs; it may help you:—
 "The Saviour is calling you, sinner,
 Urging you now to draw nigh;
 He asks you by faith to receive Him—
 Jesus will help if you try.
 Jesus will help you—yes, He will help you,
 For you will never to draw nigh.
 The weakest, the poorest, the worst is calling—
JESUS WILL HELP IF YOU TRY!"

A GRAVE AND ITS MOTTO.

NY N. B. C.

The above inscription follows a succession of titles and honors upon the grave of an illustrious Indian chief. I

cannot help but think it a singularly impressive and anguishing one, over which a greater than a heathen might well ponder, and a better taught religiousist derive profit.

How many follies are there, not merely in the heathen, but in the Christian world, who go building on these so-called bridge every hour! Houses, palaces, offices, schools, etc., etc., are reared as for eternity; certainly not with deeply laid foundations (a bridge surely affords no such opportunity), but the owner reckons this of little moment, which possibly it is, so far as the structure is concerned, though most as regards the more important destiny of the builder.

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ANTI-ETHNIC PROFESSION

Why, oh, why, need the children of this generation be wiser than the children of light? Why will men be wiser for time and foolish for eternity? Why toil and be weary in labor and sacrifice for wages of overvaluing death?

"They do in the pursuit of happiness," you respond, "they want to be famous, rich and wealthy, here and now. They think to be satisfied and happy." Can sensible men, I ask, be content to be satisfied over that, which will, but at the best, last a few fleeting days, a few sunny pleasured hours, and thus precipitate them into death and acquiring

Nay, I believe it not ; these are not sensible men and women, not so far advanced in the science of ordinary common reasoning as even this heathen chief, who had doubtless taken the motto in life as in death, and had groped about in certain spiritual darkness to find a foundation on which to build his eternal house, had sacrificed to his gods.

visited his pagodas, employed his priests, and to the best of his ability got him-

well only for the unknown future.

Praise God for the firm foundation no longer shrouded in mystery and darkness, but revealed to all, in the Rock of Ages. Here we may plant our feet (be they ever so trembling) and safely face the wildest storms, most furious blasts, and keenest gales; here we may build our home that shall stand them all, and make us rich and wise men in the sight of Heaven and hell. Let us look to our foundations.

TO THE READERS OF THE WAR CRY:

[illegible]

Dear friends, we cannot march through the streets and bear the cross and ill-treatment which these servants of Christ bear, but we can and ought to help them by our prayers and by our money, for which we will have to give an account to God.

Hoping that these few remarks may help some to see
their duty in this matter, I remain,
Kingston, July, 1887.

Yours sincerely,
CHARITY.

If we are perfectly dead to ourselves we can relish divine

It is folly to allow our affections to settle on a state that passes with the quickness of thought, without raising them

The seed of worldliness in the heart is sure sooner or later to blossom into a ribbon or a decoration on the ex-

If we are mixed up in the follies of amusement and amusements of the world, the whisperings of the Spirit are distasteful to us.

COLBORN,

God is helping and blessing, and giving us the victory in this place. Although it is filled with "good-enough" people, we are finding out lots who are in great need of salvation, and thank God they are coming one by one. We spent a night here and God helped us to point one dear soul to the Landlord; her soul was all washed away. There is getting to be quite a good number of soldiers here now, and we had the privilege of swearing them in publicly. They seem to be knit together, and go forth as one man. Captain and Caius are getting a good hold.

BRIGHTON.
This place we just opened, we find it is a little up hill work an account of a hegen army being there, but holy living and hard work will bring the victory. Lieut. McGinty and Barcland are talking well, and we believe for great victories. Several souls have been saved, and some are marching. Funds and crowds are increasing, and a good interest is being worked up.

I land in this place after riding 22 miles on a stage, and find Capt. Rose

Harris and cousin peering away, doing what they can to build up the kingdom of God. The fight here is rather hard just now, and things look black, but the Capt. and Lieut. are not a little discouraged, and I am sure victory will come. We had a good time together, and a good impression was made upon all who were there. One man in giving his experience stated a short time ago he would be found playing his fiddle at balls and dances, and I would be drinking and doing every thing that was bad and vile. But to-day I am found on the Army platform praising God and playing my fiddle for Jesus. Oh, what a change; our prayer is for God light upon a lot more and place them in the same position, where they can build up God's kingdom instead of pulling it down.

HASTING
is the next station on the line, so we

visit it and found Lieut. Menzies very ill, but she still held a smile on her face and soon got us something to eat, and we are off to the meeting, where God helped us to give some straight truth, which I believe went home to the hearts of all present. A big work has been done here, but a mighty work is still waiting to be done. Lord ride on until the town is brought to Thee.

WALKWORTH,
I landed here the following day and
found Lieut. Kelley sick in bed, and

been taken for some days, but was able to leave a couple of tons and "crack a joke." We were soon found at our post in the open air, big barrel, good meeting and a great crowd of women *and* men. We were very much surprised to find that the same man, M., in giving his testimony, stated that a few days ago a big snake, 200 lbs., fell on his ankle and bruised it so, he had to go on a crutch. When he was asked if he was coming off and wanted to go, he was to go, but he said, and this was the prayer he made, "Dear God, you have done me many favors, and the biggest favor and yours you order did was to save my ankle, now I have no more need of you." I have a bruised ankle and cannot walk. I have a bent you to heal it as that I can go to this Jubilee and speak for Thee. I believe you will, I believe you have, I believe you blessed," and he was to his wife.

